Love Beneath the Machinery

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Love Beneath the Machinery

by themystery424

Summary

~Not Good With Descriptions~
Hannibal is the first and only android in modern human society to feel emotions, being designed to become a surgeon. When he can't save patient Miriam Lass, they redesign him to be a psychiatrist and a caretaker. Will Graham is given to him to care for. Will Graham is someone who has been against android-development for as long as he can remember, liking things to be old fashioned. No one tells him Hannibal is an android when they first meet, and neither does Hannibal.

Notes

This was based off of "Quantum Dream's Kara" video. Feel free to look that up on the Youtube.

Being Born

In the very beginning, it was dark. He could think, but he couldn't feel or see or hear. He couldn't speak, or taste. *Was he supposed to taste?* What scared the developing android the most about the situation he was in was simply the fact that he could think, but nothing else. This fear didn't last as long as he thought it would, and soon he was blinking, trying to ignore the bright light shining into his eyes. A voice came from a loud speaker overhead, and the android listened carefully to the words coming out of it.

"Good morning. Welcome to your first day in the real world. Now, we have to perform some tests, maybe run through a few key points with you, and then you'll be on your way. First off, let's start with some basic movements. Turn your head to the side," The android complied, turning his head to the left first and then to the right.

"Very good. Now, move your eyes," The android moved them without moving his head, observing all the mechanical arms that were assembling him. Soon he had arms that were coated in a white, flexible material that would change color, size, and design that he was programmed to look like. He was tempted to move his arms, but he wanted to be told to, not wanting to make a rude first impression by doing something out of term.

"Alright, good. You're doing great so far. Now, your authentication code." The android nodded slightly.

"HL13WG669." He stated, surprised by his own voice. He had a Lithuanian accent, which was young and fresh, in its mid-twenties at the oldest. "Sir, if it wouldn't be too much to ask, may I have a name? And what is my role here in this world?" He asked with curiosity.

"As I'm telling you this, I need you to move your arms and lift your shoulders. After that, your wrists and fingers." The android nodded and did his tests as the man spoke. "You are Dr. Hannibal Lecter, hopefully the beginning of a long line of new androids that can take on roles of different doctors. You are a surgeon, and are designed to be welcoming." Hannibal smiled slightly at that, pleased to know that he was going to get the opportunity to help people. When he looked down he noticed his legs and feet had been attached and were ready to be tested. He was set down and he gulped.

"I am supposed to be taking steps?" He asked.

"That's right." The voice answered. Hannibal took four steps forward before turning and walking back to his starting point. "That's it. You're done. Now, key points, you're going to be able to experience the emotional capacity of a human. This is what is going to help you become the star surgeon you were built to become. Now, even though you have the emotional capacity of a human, you are still an android. Same penalties apply to you as do other androids. If you malfunction or break, and you can't be fixed, you'll be dissembled. If you act out, you will be dissembled. Since you have human emotions, of course, you get trials. Three strikes, you're out, got it?" He nodded slightly.

Hannibal looked down and watched as the white coating over his mechanics turned into human skin. He felt his arm, and it was warm, like he was human. Hannibal could hear, and taste, and feel, and smell, he soon came to realize. He was alive.

"My name is Dr. Hannibal Lecter," He smiled, his smooth Lithuanian accent flowing out of his mouth. "I'm an android with the human ability to feel emotions, to think freely, and most importantly, to save lives. I can eat and drink like a human being, and I can feel and give sexual pleasure. I can be sold and advertised as a product because it is what I am. I am a walking computer with arms and legs."

"Good job." The overhead-voice said. "Now, go get on the transport. You'll be at the hospital in ten minutes." Hannibal smiled and gave a slight nod, walking off to the transport vehicle. There, he was dressed and ready to be transported to the hospital, his atomic battery beating like a human heart in his chest cavity. A badge was hanging from the breast pocket on his simple suit. The badge said 'Dr. Hannibal Lecter; Sugeon'.

First Sugery

Chapter Summary

Hannibal: The Practicing Surgeon

Hannibal Lecter loved to learn. It was one of the first things the other doctors and nurses in the hospital noticed when Hannibal was first brought there to begin his practice. For the first few days, he'd only monitor the patients, never actually preforming surgery. He also monitored the doctors and nurses behavior, and by the third day there the android began to socialize easily, and he had manners. Much of the staff were surprised to learn this, and was surprised to see him smiling for the first time as he walked over to see Beverly Katz.

"Good morning Dr. Katz." He said to the head of the doctors, smiling pleasantly. "I would like you to scedule a surgery for me, please. I think I am ready." Beverly looked up at him, blinking in surprise. She looked through the list of patients they had for that day and smiled.

"Okay, I think I have one or two that you could do. Are you sure you're ready for this, Hannibal? You've only been here for a few days." Hannibal smiled a little wider and nodded. "Alright, if you're sure of it." She murmured, writing down his name by a few patients.

"I think I am ready. I have monitored you and your staff at a very close range, and I learn rather quickly." He said confidently, standing up a little straighter. Beverly nodded slightly, deciding that the android did learn quickly. In just three days, he'd learned how to engage in conversation politely and also had learned how to be charming. He'd make a good surgeon, she decided.

"Go wait in the staff lounge after you get dressed for surgery. Your first appointment will be here in two hours." Hannibal gave a small polite nod before going to change. He then waited in the lounge, smiling excitedly. Jimmy Price came in after awhile.

"Someone's excited about their first surgery." Hannibal smiled, a little bashful. "So, how long until we have to recharge that battery of your's?" Hannibal chuckled.

"I don't need my battery recharged, Dr. Price. I will run for 176 years, unless I'm dissembled before then." Hannibal said, sipping his coffee and savoring the taste. It wasn't the finest coffee he'd tasted, but the fact that he could taste anything at all still amazed him. He'd seen other androids at the hospital. They couldn't feel, taste, and some weren't even warm like he was. They were cold, how machinery was supposed to be. He sipped his coffee slowly. Jimmy bit his lip.

"Nervous any? Your first surgery?" Hannibal sighed and nodded.

"Yes, a little. I have observed you, Dr. Katz, and Dr. Zeller closely, yet I feel nervous that I may not be able to save them." He said, his voice quiet. "Is it strange, talking to me? Knowing I can feel?" Hannibal looked to Jimmy and Jimmy shrugged.

"Not really. I mean, new programming like this could save many more lives if it goes well, which it probably will, so might as well get used to it now." He said. Hannibal smiled slightly, glad to be accpeted by most of the staff. Beverly called him down for surgery and he smiled as he went out.

"Franklyn, this is Dr. Hannibal Lecter." Beverly smiled. Franklyn stood and offered his hand. Hannibal smiled and shook it.

"Hello, Franklyn." Hannibal said, Franklyn blinking several times.

"Hi...so I was informed that you are an adroid?" Hannibal nodded slightly. "Ah...wow I mean, you seem so polite and warm and...well, human." Franklyn gushed. Hannibal smiled at that, pleased that other humans could regard him as a human. Even if he was an adroid, he liked being welcomed into the culture around him.

"I may not be human in genetics, but I am designed to strive being as human as possible. Now, Franklyn, what surgery are you in for?" He asked, sitting next to his patient. Franklyn began to explain that he had a brain tumor, and that he was there to get it removed. Hannibal nodded and already was forming the proper technique to go about it, wanting to have his patient go through as least stress as possible in these conditions.

"So when do we begin?" Franklyn asked after a length of time. Hannibal smiled warmly and invitingly.

"As soon as you're changed and ready to go." Hannibal said. Franklyn nodded and stood, going to change. Hannibal took a deep breath and went to the opperating room, ready to help his first patient.

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The new spread like a wild fire. The android successfully removed the tumor, and Franklyn was healthy. This is what made the adroid famous.

To Remove A Heart

Chapter Summary

Heart transplants either go well, or they don't.

Dr. Hannibal Lecter, over the course of the next few months, had become something of a celebrity. Almost all patients that came to the hospital requested him, because he was nice, sweet, charming, handsome, young and(with some little children) just plain cool. The little ones especially took a liking to Hannibal, as they had never heard of an android act so similar to their dad or uncle or aunt. Hannibal's favorite of these children was Mischa, a sweet two year old who had needed surgery on her lungs do a blockage. Now Mischa visited Hannibal daily, and he enjoyed that a lot. Today, he was doing his first heart transplant.

Miriam Lass was dying ever so slowly with the diseased heart. It was becoming harder and harder to get up and do simple tasks, and she couldn't walk for any length of time without tiring quickly. Hannibal Lecter was one of the better fits for her, as the moment Miriam laid her eyes on him, she trusted him immediately. Hannibal was used to this, having been designed to be trusting and warm, as well as welcoming. But the past few months had helped him to see that it was okay to pretend to be human. He'd developed some personality traits on his own, including prideful.

"Miriam." Hannibal said to her. Miriam looked up and smiled softly, standing with some help from a few friends. Hannibal smiled back, happy to see that the woman had confidence in him. He wouldn't let her down. He knew this for a fact.

"Dr. Lecter." She replied. "Today's the day for the surgery. I'm counting on you. My life's in your hands." Hannibal nodded slightly and smiled softly, reassuringly. He walked over to her and held her steady as she was being led to the prep room.

"I know, and I won't fail you. Soon you'll have a heart that won't fail you either. You'll have your life back." Miriam smiled at the idea and pecked his cheek.

"Thank you, Dr. Lecter." She whispered. Hannibal smiled a little wider and nodded. A few nurses led her away to the prep room and he went to the surgery room. He reviewed tatics and strategies to remove the heart and connect the new healthy heart. Miriam was soon escorted in and Hannibal smiled at her unconscious body. He put on his white mask and picked up a few tools, cutting into her chest and exposing her heart.

The heart was damaged beyond repair, barely beating even with the medications pumped into her system to keep her alive. It was take very precise cuts to remove it, and very precise stiching to put the new one in. He took a deep beath and used his scalpel to make the proper cuts, gently and quickly removing the heart and putting it off to the side. He now had ninety

seconds to put the heart in and sew it in. He couldn't be off by anymore than ten seconds, as it would take twenty seconds to move the heart into her chest, thirty seconds to set it in place, and another thirty seconds for him to sew it in properly. Ten seconds.

As Hannibal was moving the heart, it slipped from the rubber glove he was holding it with. As it fell to the ground he dove for it, but it was too late. The moment it touched the ground, there was no way it would be going in anyone's chest. Hannibal stared in shock at it. This...wasn't supposed to happen. Nurses were telling him to stand up and to try to save her, but he couldn't. He was in shock.

Miriam Lass died on Hannibal Lecter's operation table, and by force he was detained and sent back. Mischa had seen him go and had tried to demand that he come back. Hannibal's eyes landed on her and he reached for her, wanting to hold her and tell her it was okay. That's when he heard the murmurs of, 'Don't worry, he's just a robot.' 'He can't feel anything.' 'The mothe fucker killed her on purpose I bet.' Hannibal would've screamed, if they hadn't deactivated his voice box.

When he arrived back at the place he was created, he was scared. Again he was attached to a wall, mechanical arms coming at him from every direction with flame throwers and different tools, while the voice over head was 'tsk'ing softly, and with disappointment.

"You couldn't save her. You are a failed project, you know. You were supposed to not fail. To fail, that would mean dissemblation for most androids. Lucky you, we're giving you another chance." When Hannibal could see again, he looked to the mirror next to him. He was older now, forty years at least. His hair was slicked to the side, blond like before, his eyes a warm brown. He looked to his hands.

"You've changed me." He said softly, his voice older, his accent still in place.

"You're now a psychiatrist and caretaker. You'll be forgotten in the halls of a psychiatric home, until your battery runs dry." Hannibal nodded slightly.

"Understood..."

Therapy Doesn't Work On Me

Chapter Summary

"Meet Will Graham. Will, this is your psychiatrist, Dr. Lecter."

It was several years later Hannibal had even heard of the FBI special agent Will Graham. It had been, exactly, 17 years. He sat down at his desk in his office at the psychiatric home with his tablet. He was reading the most recent article about the 'Chesapeake Ripper' as he was called. Hannibal smiled at the article, amused. Humans didn't understand. They had it easy, really. Since the incident with Miriam, Hannibal had been very meticulous with everything he did. Including his killings. He had a private wing of the psychiatric home given to him for his patients. A grand office that was at once a storage room until Hannibal had gotten ahold of it, two bedrooms, a bathroom for his patient, a kitchen and a dining room. The decor Hannibal had bought himself after working for many years as a private psychiatrist.

In these nearer years, though, Hannibal had noticed that he was getting less and less patients from the psychiatric home. More and more people were now fighting against the use of androids, saying they were too much a danger to their cultures and civilization. When the last patient Hannibal had had found out about his true DNA structure, he had to get his arm replaced. This scared him and made him wonder how long he'd have before he was dissembled and his parts were used as junk.

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Special agent Will Graham gasped as he came back into reality, running his hands over his face. It was worse than it had been before, he decided. Everything was getting worse. The nightmares, the murders, it was slowly but surely escalating. He was slowly being driven to madness by it all. He felt Jack Crawford put a hand on his shoulder. Will jumped and turned around the moment the felt his hand.

"Will," Jack said, staring into his eyes. Will looked away. "Will, we need to talk about this." Will sighed.

"We don't need to talk about anything Jack." He began to walk to his car to drive home when Jack put his hand on Will's shoulder once again.

"According to your current psychiatrist, Alana Bloom? According to her, we do. She's recommending a leave from work, and maybe from home. A little vacation, I guess." Will

turned around to look at him, a little, no, a *lot* annoyed by him at the moment. He was tired. His brain was fried and here Jack was talking about vacations and not letting him sleep.

"I don't need a leave from work or a vacation. What would be the point?" He asked. "No, forget the point, where would I even go?" Jack sighed and looked away. "Oh, this'll be really good." he murmured.

"Dr. Bloom has recommended a psychiatric home for therapy." Will sighed.

"Of course she would suggest that." He murmured, turning to go to his car again.

"You do need therapy Will. And this place isn't just an ordinary psychiatric home. It has a psychiatrist that would fit your needs perfectly. Alana's met with him and spoke to him a few times before. I think you'll be in safe hands while you're there." Will opened his car door.

"Therapy doesn't work on me, I know too many of the tricks." Jack stopped him before he could close the door.

"Then you need to unlearn some of the tricks. Look, it's just until we think you're good enough to come back to work, okay? A few months at the most." Will took a deep breath.

"I'll think about it." He murmured, but knew that if Jack *and Alana* were both agreeing on this plan, then he might as well have been there already.

When Will arrived at home, he was greeted by his dogs. The automatic food feeder had given them some food while he was at work, and afterwards had taken them out. He smiled at the two and only two robots in his household. He wasn't against robots. He liked the robots he could control and set times on and all of that. But androids were...different. Many androids were metal figures with fake eyes stained onto their cold skin. That was the word Will usually used to describe androids. Cold. He could empathize with nearly anyone or anything, except them.

The dogs knew something was up when they saw Will pack. They tried to get him to stay, tugging his things out of his suitcase and trying to put them back in the closet. Will ignored their attempts and he soon was ready to go, petting his dogs and telling them all how they were all good boys and that he'd be back soon. He fell asleep with a few of them on his bed that night, for comfort. The next day, Alana Bloom came and picked him up, driving him to the hospital. They didn't have much to say to each other, their relationship sorta friendly, but mostly professional. Waiting for him by the front desk was a man in what looked like an expensive blue suit and yellow tie. Alana smiled when she saw him and he smiled back.

"Hello Alana." he said in a foriegn accent that Will couldn't place.

"Hello Hannibal." She said. Hannibal looked to Will.

"Is this him?" He asked, as if Will wasn't really there. Alana nodded.

"Meet Will Graham. Will, this is your psychiatrist, Dr. Lecter."

Home Sweet Hospital

Chapter Summary

Hannibal learns to just what extent he can feel emotions, and how to 'properly' cope with them.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Thanks for the positive feedback. I'm sorry but this might be the only chap for today as I'm kinda sick. But no school tomorrow! So there'll be at least one more. With love, Your Humble Writer

Will Graham was skeptical of his new psychiatrist. This was clear as light to Hannibal, and he respected him for having his judgements and wanting to not rush right into therapy. Things always went smoother when the Doctor and the patient were well acquainted. Alana seemed to not only be his psychiatrist, but friend as she wrapped him in a tight hug.

"I'll call weekly, alright? Jack Crawford, myself and Dr. Lecter are the only one's aloud to remove you from the hospital for any visiting, and if you ever want to go see your dogs I'd be more than willing to drive you." Alana said, squeezing gently. Will sighed and hugged back, both enjoying the comfort and enduring it. After Alana left, Hanibal turned to face Will, a smile on his face that was kind and understanding.

"Shall I show you to our quarters?" He asked. Will raised an eyebrow.

"You stay here too?" Hannibal nodded slightly and began to lead him to the wing in which they'd be staying in. Will followed close behind, not wanting to be lost in the institution. Or hospital. Or whatever it was called. "So why do you stay here? Don't you have a wife to get home to?" Hannibal chuckled softly.

"I only wish I had someone such as a wife to spend my life with. Although I don't make a good husband. I tend to be cold at different points in time, as I'm sure you'll find out eventually. I prefer to live with my patients to make them more comfortable with my presence." Hannibal approached two oak doors, a silver key hole in the one to the right. Will admired the carvings of different animals.

"Just keep it professional." He murmured, in awe of the door. Hannibal looked over his shoulder at him before turning to unlock the door.

"Or we could socialize like adults. God forbid we become friendly." Hannibal said in reply. Will smiled some at the remark. He followed Hannibal down a long hallway that was actually open and lit up well. At the end of the hallway was an office, two levels high and extremely comfortable. It looked as if it could double for a living room. "This is my office." Hannibal said, gesturing to the seats and inviting Will to sit. Will looked to him with slight confusion.

"Not going to continue with the rest of the tour?" Hannibal walked further into the room and sat behind his desk, pulling out a small notebook and folder.

"We will at a different time. For right now, lets start with our first session." Will considered the chairs in front of Hannibal's desk to sit at, but disreguarded the idea, not wanting to sit face to face with this man who he'd just met. Instead, he climbed the ladder in an attempt to escape almost, but pinned it off as wanting to look at the man's book collection. Hannibal noted this and stood, walking over and standing so he could see Will. "Shall we start with why you're here?"

"I'm here simply because Alana and Jack think I need therapy." He said, glancing at the book spines as he paced. He felt Hannibal's eyes follow his movements.

"Were you not doing well with Alana?" He asked in slight curiosity. "She is one of the best psychiatrists I have ever come into contact with. I would've figured she'd be able to help." Will sighed.

"I don't think she's a good psychiatrist for me. We have too much of a friendship that intervenes with the psychiatric work that she's supposed to be doing. Of course she still helps." He paused to pull a book out and look it over, something Hannibal didn't mind.

"Why does Jack Crawford and Alana think you need therapy?" Was the next question. Will laughed humorlessly.

"Do you know who I am?" Hannibal shook his head.

"Not at all." He replied. Will rolled his eyes, muttering something under his breath.

"I work for the FBI. Or at least, temporarily. I'm a uh, special investigator is what they're calling me." He said. "Jack wants my help because I can get into the minds of killers and recreate their thinking, also helping to make a very detailed profile. The only problem is..." He sighed and ran a hand over his face. Hannibal knew what was wrong with a gift like that.

"The nightmares plague you." Hannibal said simply. Will nodded and sighed.

"Yes. Very much so." He climbed back down the ladder and Hannibal gave a small nodded.

"I understand. Let's go to sleep for tonight. Have you had dinner?" Will nodded. "Good. Let's go to bed, and tomorrow we can discuss it further." Will nodded again and Hannibal led him back down the hall, but not too far. From the perspective of walking up the hall, it was the first door on the right though from down the hall it was the last door on the left. The room was decorated simply but elegantly, and had a jointed bathroom. Hannibal left Will to get settled in.

Hannibal retreated to his own bedroom, sitting upon his bed. He didn't sleep, there was no need to, but that night he considered it. He'd known since the day he was first assembled that he could feel the full capacity of human emotions, but he didn't know that included...love, was what it was called. He didn't know it included love. Sure, he'd always been caring and kind to children and even other adults, but love felt...different. He sighed and pulled out a tool box, opening the cavity in his wrist and taking the tracker out.

The next day, on the website of Tattlecrime.com, there was a picture of a man who had his heart removed, and was pierced with an arrow right through where the heart was supposed to be. HIs eyes were compressed to the point where he couldn't see anymore. His hands and feet were bound together, nearly cutting off the hands at the wrists and the feet at the ankles. His head was tilted down, blood ruining his clothes.

Conversations Over Scrambled Eggs

Chapter Summary

> Eggs, sausage, getting-to-know you. Will firmly decides he's not gay and that he's not going to fall in love after just knowing someone for a little less than twenty four hours.

When Will woke up in the guest room, the first thing he noticed was that he wasn't home. The second thing he noticed was that the room smelled incredibly, like someone was cooking. Then it sunk in that he wasn't home. And chances are Dr. Lecter was the one cooking. He seemed like the type that would cook. He got up and went to the bathroom, grabbing some clothes and getting in the shower. His thoughts traveled to his new psychiatrist, and his general thoughts about him. He wasn't that bad, having so far given Will his space. Will imagined what their next session would be like. Like his other psychiatrists, Dr. Lecter was probably done giving him space and would now proceed to poke around in his mind. Will groaned internally at that.

Will got out and dried off before dressing in a white t-shirt, a plaid long sleeve shirt over top. He put on a pair of jeans and tried to tame his wild curls. They didn't obey him and continued to stick out from different directions. He observed the stuble on his chin and decided he could go another day or so before shaving. He got his glasses on and went out into the hall.

"Dr. Lecter?" He called out, wondering which room he was in.

"In here." The reply came from the room adjacent to his own bedroom. He walked down the hall and stepped into the kitchen, blinking. It was a beautiful kitchen, very modern and complete with a lot of the latest cooking utensils. Hannibal was frying sausage, draining most of the grease out of the pan. The windows about the sink overlooked a garden, which was full of various vegtable and fruit plants, along with a small flower bed off to the side.

"Wow.." he said. Hannibal looked up.

"Good morning Will." He said. "I hope you like sausage and scrambled eggs. It's the only thing I have on hand. I need to make a run to the store later." Will shrugged and watched him scramble the eggs, adding in spices and various herbs.

"No no, it's fine. I haven't had a homecooked meal for breakfast in ages. Usually I drive by McDonald's and get something off their dollar menu quick." He said. Hannibal shook his head.

"That is no way to live a life. Fast food isn't only greasy and can trigger heart disease, but completely untasteful." He said as he chopped the cooked sausage up and added it to the scrambled eggs.

"Well not everyone has a five star kitchen. And apparently training as a private chef." Will said, watching the way Hannibal moved around the kitchen, each movement purposeful and elegant.

"I did not have training as a chef. I was bored one day and I experimented in the kitchen. After a while I did take classes. Turned out I had a love for cooking. And to this day, I still do." Hannibal smiled. Will nodded slightly.

"That's an odd way to figure out you have a love for cooking. Did it ever catch your interest as a young man?" Hanibal shook his head.

"As a young man I was more focused on being a surgeon, and I acutally completed my goal. For a few years, I was a very sucessful surgeon."

"Huh. Surgeons make good money. Why'd you stop?"

"I killed someone. More accurately, I couldn't save someone, but it felt like killing them. I transferred my passion for anatomy into the culinary arts. I fix minds instead of bodies, and no one's died as a result of my therapy." He said. Will chuckled softly and Hannibal smiled, serving him a bowl of food. "A little protein scramble to get the day going."

"Thank you, looks delicious." Will said, taking a bite. He was proven right, the food tasting incredible in his mouth. "Good God this is incredible." Hannibal smiled a little wider and ate across from Will.

"Thank you. I had hoped you'd like my cooking, as you'll be eating quite a lot of it." He said. Will nodded and continued eating, not wanting to waste any time. While he ate, he savored the taste. The various herbs and spices worked almost too well together. When he looked up at Hannibal, he bit his lip.

It was the first time he had a good chance to look over Hannibal. This was a different Hannibal from last night. This was a fresh morning Hannibal, only in a robe. His hair was uneven and not yet combed back, his eyes sparkling as he ate. Will found himself staring before quickly turning back to his food.

I'm NOT falling in love with my psychiatrist. My male psychiatrist. Who I've only known for a day. Will thought to himself firmly as he finished his protein scramble.

Sunday Gardening and Walks in the Park

Chapter Summary

In which gardening happens and Hannibal breaks his wrist walking Will's dogs.

Will was watching from the kitchen window as Hannibal, who was down on his knees, sleeves rolled up wearing a gardening apron, picked various fruits for the fruit salad he was going to make. It had been eight days since Will was admitted, and he'd noticed that his emotions that he'd thought he felt for Dr. Lecter were only increasing. It didn't help that he kept catching him in various positions around the wing of hospital, including the one he was currently in. When Hannibal returned to the kitchen with the necessary fruits, he pulled out a cutting board and began to cube them. Will walked over and watched him.

"Hello Will." He said, turning to look at him over his shoulder. Will smiled slightly but it disappeared as soon as it had appeared.

"I was wondering something." Hannibal hummed in question. "I want to go see my dogs and I was wondering if you'd take me to see them... maybe help me walk them?" Hannibal stopped cubing and looked at him.

"I don't see a problem in that." He smiled slightly. "How many dogs do you have? Alana told me you had several."

"I have seven. All boys." Will replied. Hannibal nodded slightly. He continued to cube the fruit and put them in a bowl, adding a light layer of sugar over top and mixing the fruit around. The summer air blew outside, creating a light whistling noise. Hannibal looked at the fruit salad and then looked up at Will. "Shall I make us some fruit smoothies to go with the salad?" Will shrugged and watched him make banana fruit smoothies. Will chuckled as he took one and then some fruit salad. Hannibal smiled at him. "What's funny?"

"In the time I've spent with you I've never seen you make something, *anything,* as mundane as a fruit salad and smoothies to go with." Hannibal chuckled and smiled slightly.

"I know how to make them, keep in mind, I only choose to put the finer things into my system." Will smiled slightly and they clinked their glasses. They took a sip at the same time and Will smiled slightly.

"That's really good." he said. Hannibal smiled a little wider, but not as wide as he could. Will could tell that Hannibal only gave partial smiles and never fully smiled. Not for anyone.

"Thank you." Hannibal replied with. After their smoothies and salad they left for Wolf Trap. Will directed Hannibal to his house and Hannibal pulled into the drive way. Will got out as

soon as he could and ran into the house, his dogs quick to greet him. Hannibal chuckled and followed him in, petting the dogs. Winston sniffed his hand and growled at Hannibal.

"Winston." Will scolded lightly. Winston growled again and Hannibal was quick to pull his hand away. "Winston!" Will repeated, a little firmer. "Sorry about him, he's normally not like this."

"It's fine. I am a stranger, and when he gets to know me a little better, maybe we can be friends." Hannibal said. Will shrugged.

"Maybe...I mean, he only acts that way towards androids. It's strange." Hannibal stiffened when Will wasn't looking. He locked eyes with Winston, who was glaring at him. Winston soon averted his gaze and went to Will to be petted and loved. Will smiled and looked up at Hannibal. "Would you like to help me walk them?" Hannibal smiled slightly.

"I'd be happy to help." He said. Will handed him three leashes, and Hannibal took the three bigger dogs besides Winston.

"Don't put the leashes on your wrist alone. Hold them with two hands." Hannibal nodded slightly at the words. Will leashed the dogs up and opened the door, letting them run out. Hannibal let them as well, he and Will being pulled along. Will laughed and looked to Hannibal to make sure he was okay. Hannibal was fine, of course. He was even smiling.

They had been walking for a good while, when the dogs saw something. Their ears perked up and they looked in the same direction. Will held them tigheter, and Hannibal copied.

"Down." Will said, but too late. They'd taken off and tried to run. The leash pulled tightly and sharply against Hannibal's wrist and he heard something crack. Will heard it and blinked. "Are you okay?" Hannibal got the dogs to rest, and he examined his wrist without Will seeing. Wires were exposed and the white coating that made up his skin was peeled back.

"I'm fine." He said, wrapping it up. "It's just sore. It'll be fine by tomorrow." Hannibal turned to Will and Will bit his lip.

"Let me see," He said, walking over and wanting to make sure it was okay. Hannibal withdrew his wrist from Will's touch.

"Trust me when I say it's fine." He said, almost defensively. Will backed up slightly and looked confused. He then looked to Winston, who was glaring and growling softly at Hannibal. Hannibal ignored this, turning the dogs back around and beginning to walk them back to Will's home. Will followed close behind, the figurative gears in his mind turning.

Tending To Old and New Wounds

Chapter Summary

A Hannibal flashback along with a bit of an angry rage. For those of you who like Hannibal(cause admit it, you do), emotional pain.

Hannibal sat on his bed and glanced over the broken wrist. He and Will had exchanged few words for the rest of the day, Hannibal having covered his wrist with a bandage to hide the wiring. He'd even decided to cancel Will's therapy session that day due to them not being on best terms. Hannibal reached into his nightstand drawer and pulled out tools and a few extra bits of metal and white coating. He began fixing his wrist as the anger built up in him. *It wasn't his fault he was like this.* It was something Bedelia Du Maurier, the head psychiatrist at the institution, had repeatedly told him. He closed his eyes and laid down as the memories of his first days there came back.

Hannibal had already been sad, or a better description yet, depressed when he first arrived at the psychiatric instituition. Having being revoked of his duties as a surgeon, and having not said goodbye to Mischa, added to the rapid aging he'd gone through, he was more or less depressed. It didn't matter his emotions though. He walked into the Institution with his head high. It was the best way to start any new career.

His first week there was probably one of the worsts he'd gone through. The staff tended to whisper things behind his back wasn't anywhere near as accepting as the hospital staff was. They'd crack jokes and laugh, and more importantly threatened to have him dissembled if he didn't do as they said. Since he'd nearly been dissembled, and the fear of that loomed over his head like dark clouds over a rainstorm, he found himself running stupid, simple errands that could've been done by hand. It was on his fourth day that Bedelia Du Maurier had called him to her office.

"Can you tell me why you're leaving so randomly throughout the day?" She asked. Hannibal sighed, more or less embarrassed about what he was going to tell her.

"The staff here constantly threaten me with dissemblation. I do what they say, and the less they threaten me." He said softly. Du Mauier pursed her lips, completely understanding how a threat like that would feel to Hannibal after the incident that he'd just went through.

"Hannibal," She said. "I am the only one who can give the order to have you dissembled or removed from here in anyway. I will speak with the staff, and hopefully they will stop. If they don't, I can get them suspended. Remember that you are part of the staff now, and as such you have certain rights. It's not your fault that you're like this Hannibal."

Hannibal had taken in each word she'd said, and it gave him confidence to lay down and think about a new approach to tomorrow. Then he did some minor calculations and discovered that really, he was only a few months old. His machinery and all of it was only a few months old. It made him feel so young compared to the rest of the staff, and made him feel infurior. No wonder they told him what to do. No wonder they treated him less than human, and then he froze. No wonder they treated him less than human. *It was because he wasn't human. Du Mauier's words filled his ears and he relaxed slightly. 'It's not your fault you're like this'. Those words brought him comfort and he relaxed again, deciding to try his hand at drawing while he waited for dawn.*

The next day he approached the staff room wtih a new found courage and self confidence. Of course, the harrassment hadn't stopped.

"Hey metal head! Coffee, two sugars, go!"

"I need you to drop this off at my ex-wife's house. Address is on the front."

"Oh and take my car! Gas her up on the way back." Hannibal stood a little taller, more confident in his words now that he'd spoken to Du Mauier about the siuation.

"I'm not going to do any of those things." He said flatly, going over to get a cup of coffee. "I don't have to listen to you, according to the head of staff, and if I don't have to listen to you, then I certainly won't." Fredrick Chilton, the head of the pack of bullies, stood up to Hannibal.

"Is that what Bedelia told you?" He asked, though it was more of a statement. "Because she's lying you know. She thinks of you the same way we think of you. The way you're suppose to be thought of. You're a machine. A pile of microchips and circuitry all contained in a cold, metal shell." This was the first time Hannibal hadn't felt dispair, sadness, or even the indifference. This was the first time in his lifespan that he felt full on anger. Hannibal pinned Fredrick to the wall, eyes narrowed.

"Stop, pushing, me down." He growled. "If you treat me less than human one more time, I will-"

"Hannibal Lecter." Bedelia's voice was firm and Hannibal looked up. He was still enraged. Fredrick smirked as Hannibal let him go. The smirk nearly sent him over, but he held onto his self control. He walked away and went to his room.

It was later that night that Hannibal killed his first man. He was done with Fredrick. He hated him and wanted him out of the way. He opened his wrist up and took at the tracker that the hospital had implanted to monitor where he was at at all times. After all, he was only machinery. He followed Fredrick that night as the man walked home, whistling softly. When they both passed an ally, he pulled him into it, pinning him there. Fredrick stared, is eyes wide.

"Ha-Hannibal? What are you doing?" He asked.

"Figures you'd use my name at a time like this." He said lowly, eyes narrowing. Fredrick's eyes widen and he tried to escape the android's grasp, just to have Hannibal hold him tighter. Hannibal pulled his scalpel out and cut him down the middle. He covered Fredrick's mouth to stifle his screams. Hannibal reached in with his other hand and pulled out the heart, it beating just a few more times after it was disconnected.

Hannibal stared at the heart and his hand and put it to his mouth, taking a bite of the heart and swallowing. It was...strange. He took another bite. Something in his mind tried to tell him that this was because of a frayed wire or loose something-or-other. Then again, maybe he was just insane.

"What do you think, Fredrick?" He narrowed his eyes at the man. "Because I think you never deserved this heart in the first place. You never deserved to be human." He removed his lungs after he finished the heart. "Maybe I don't either, but I know I'd be a better brand of humanity than you."

When Hannibal snapped out of his flashback, he heard Will across the hall, breathing heavy, just waking from possibly a nightmare. He immediately got up and went to check on him.

Robotic Nightmares

Chapter Summary

In which Will has a nightmare that tells him what's going on, but again he pins it off as something else.

Chapter Notes

I've been told to maybe add a self-harm trigger thingy? I've never done one and it never crossed my mind so sorry if it affected anyone. God that sounded terrible. Sorry to all and if you're a new reader you've been warned!

Will knew he was dreaming, but at the same time it didn't feel like a dream. Fear was coursing through his veins as something tied him back. He tried to shout, no sound coming out. He was scared. So scared. He had no idea why he was scared. Jack Crawford's voice came from over head, booming through the speakers.

"You've been a disappointment, Will." Will jumped at the voice and looked up. "Yes, I'm talking to you. You've been a disappointment. A huge disappointment." Something pulled Will against the wall, and when he looked to his right he saw a large robotic arm come out of nowhere. It grabbed Will's leg and a flamethrower accompanied it, removing his right leg. His eyes widened and he tried to get away. He tried so hard.

"Stop struggling. It won't hurt as much." Jack's voice boomed. "You're broken. You're frayed. Don't worry, we'll sell your parts to others much more deserving." Parts? *Will thought.* I'm some kind of machine? *Of course he knew the answer to that one before. He was being dissembled. Apparently he was broken beyond repair. He should've been expecting this.*

It didn't make the fear go away though. If anything, it amplified it. Why had he failed? Why had he broke? Why him? What would happen to his parts? He tried to struggle, causing Jack to laugh.

"There's no use, Will. Let the arms do their work. It'll go a lot easier if you do." Will continued to struggle all the same. He had no legs. He had his arms but that was it. Arms and torso. He tried to pull his arms away so they wouldn't get to them. It was a failed attempt, the robotic arms just pulling them out and detatching them. He tried to protest. To beg. He wanted another chance. He needed *another chance. It couldn't end here. He'd behave. He wouldn't get broken.*

This couldn't be happening. This couldn't be happening. No no no no no. It was one time. Wasn't it? Just one time?

He felt his back getting opened up, microchips and circuit boards slowly being removed. He froze involuntarily. His eyes wouldn't move. He couldn't blink. Every reflex was numb. The arms slowly removed his chest plating and a lot of the wiring that helped make him tick. Now all that remained was his battery, which pumped similar to how a heart pumped, and his face. He could still hear and see, much to his utter hatred. It was terrifying.

"You're almost done Will. Calm down." Jack Crawford's voice called. "You're almost done." His eyes were gone, and then his ears. Yet he was conscious. Then it was-

Will woke with a start, breathing heavily. His heart was racing. He got up and staggered to the bathroom, grabbing one of his razors and purposely nicking the very surface of his skin. He waited for the blood to pool. When it did, he sighed in relief. He wasn't a robot. He wasn't going to be scrapped by Jack Crawford. His door opened and he saw Hannibal walk in, the white bandage still firmly in place on his wrist.

"Will?" Hannibal asked gently, worry in his voice. Will walked out of the bathroom and Hannibal saw the blood. "What happened?" He asked, walking over to inspect it. Will pulled his arm away.

"I've got it. It's nothing." He murmured, washing the cut and putting a bandaid on over top of it to stop the bleeding. Hannibal nodded slightly and sat down on the edge of his bed.

"What happened?" He repeated.

"I just had another nightmare." Will murmured.

"Tell me about it." Hannibal said, patting the bed next to him. Will looked skeptical but went over anyway. He sighed as he sat next to Hannibal, his fine aftershave filling his nose. He didn't know how Hannibal managed to still smell so good at such a late hour, but damn if it wasn't a turn on.

"I...I dreamed that I was an android. And I was broken. Jack Crawford was dissembling me. He said was broken beyond repair. Or-or something like that. It was probably the strangest and scariest experience of my life." When Will had his hands buried in his face, Hannibal realized it. He knew. But at the same time he didn't know. His subconscious was telling him, having put the pieces together. Hannibal then decided to act as if nothing was wrong and offered his comfort to Will. Surprisingly, Will took it and leaned heavily on his shoulder.

"You're safe now, Will." Hannibal said gently, running the opposite hand through his curls. Will nodded gently and moved closer.

"And I'm...I'm human, right?" Hannibal nodded gently.

"You're human." He whispered, continuing to hold him close.

"And you are too?" There was a brief pause and Hannibal nodded.

"Of course I am, Will."

A Phone Call To Raise Suspicions

Chapter Summary

> Alana calls, and being Will's main psychiatrist, he trusts her when he tells her his feelings for Dr. Lecter

Hannibal was beginning to enjoy Will's company almost *too* much. It was week four into their stay together, and Will had forgotten about his wrist, and about his nightmares. He was barely having nightmares anymore, thanks to his therapy. He and Will were friendlier, and sometimes, though very rarely and always noticed, Will would call him 'Hannibal' and not 'Dr. Lecter'. Today was one of those days, and Hannibal was enjoying it. It was also nearly the end of June and beginning to settle into July. Today, for breakfast, they were dining outside for dinner on his patio. The temperature was a cool 70 degrees out, perfect for picnicing.

They were halfway through their meal when Hannibal heard his phone ring. After he excused himself to answer it, Will began to review his emotions for his psychiatrist. He loved him, no doubt. He didn't lie to him. Sure, he had his secrets but so far he'd never heard him lie. Hannibal didn't seem like the lying type anyway. He kept Will sane and actually helped him, something that was greatly appreciated. He'd told Will that he had encephalitis and had gotten him the proper meds to help treat it. But never once did Will see him ever return any feelings the empath had. Maybe once or twice, or maybe he was too thick to get it. Or maybe Hannibal himself didn't want to accept it. Whatever it was, Will couldn't tell if this was a one sided crush or something that could potentionally blossum into more.

"Will," Hannibal's voice snapped Will back into reality and he smiled slightly at him.

"Yes?"

"It's Alana. She's asking to speak with you." Hannibal returned Will's smile with his own, warm, half smile that never fully stretched across his lips. Will didn't mind anymore though. He liked Hannibal's smile, whether it be a full smile, a half smile, or sometimes a disapproving smile, depending on what Will had decided to say in therapy. Will got up and took the phone. Hannibal sat in his chair on the patio and continued eating. Will admired how mundane he looked before stepping inside to take the call.

"Yes, Alana?" He asked.

"Hey. Sorry I haven't called to check on you. The Rippers been ripping more than ever since you left and Jack has wanted me to try to profile him."

"No no I understand. It's actually been-Wait, the Ripper?" Will was completely snapped out of his daydream about Hannibal and focused on Alana. "The Ripper's been killing?"

"Yes. And he's making fun of something we think."

"The Ripper doesn't 'make fun' of anything. That's not how he kills. Every piece of art has to be unique and memorable. Making fun of anything is child's play and plagiaristic."

"Then he's doing it subconsciously. He's associating his killings to romantic icons. Especially things such as cupid." Will sighed and ran a hand over his face. He shouldn't be there. He should be out trying to catch this new killer because it *wasn't* the Chesapeake Ripper. It sounds too... careless, to be him. *"That isn't why I called though."* Alana said, catching Will's attention once again.

"They why did you call?" He asked, no longer caring.

"I wanted to know how your stay with Hannibal has been." Will bit his lip, wondering if he should tell the truth about his sudden feelings for the new psychiatrist, or keep them private. Alana was is main psychiatrist, and he could trust her, after all.

"It's been...wonderful." He sighed at the end like a love sick school girl and at that moment he didn't give a damn what he sounded like. It was true. "I haven't had a nightmare in three weeks, give or take a few days, and he's been making incredible food, and-and..." He stopped, and he could swear he could hear Alana laughing.

"Jesus Christ Will, you sould like you have a crush on the guy." Will paused to bite his lip. *"You don't have a crus on him, do you?"*

"Alana... I think I do..." There was silence on her end. "Alana?" He asked after a few minutes.

"I'm picking you up tomorrow." Will froze.

"What? Why? It's not interferring with my therapy or anything and-"

"That's not why."

"And I'm prepared for when he says it can't work because he's my psychiatrist. You don't have to worry Alana." Alana sighed and he could hear her biting her lip.

"I don't want to watch you get hurt, Will. I know you think you're preparing yourself for every possible solution but there's one that you'll never guess and it's the one that's going to hurt you the most. Please, for the love of God, let me come and pick you up tomorrow." Will stared and felt his heart flutter. He looked through the glass window and saw Hannibal eating, wind tusseling his hair and his slight annoyance at that, having to smooth it back down before continuing on with his meal. Will couldn't help but smile at that.

"Alana, I think I'll be fine, alright? I can handle it. Don't come and get me." Alana sighed.

"Fine... Just be careful, alright? Don't get too close to him. He'll break your heart, as he doesn't have one to give." Will was confused by her words but nodded all the same. Then he realized that she couldn't see him.

"Alright. I'll be careful." he murmured as he hung up and went to join Hannibal.

Finishing Dinner

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal finish dinner and there's a cheesy desert without cheese on it.

Hannibal looked up from his meal as he saw Will return to his seat. He smiled gently and looked Will over. He looked handsome, with his recently shaved face and one of his better plaid shirts. He was handsome all the way around, no denying it. Absolutely no denying, and yet Hannibal found hismself constantly in denial. Probably because he knew soon Will would go and Bedelia would no longer have reason to keep him around. He costed too much to be sold, though he knew he was merchandise as well. Maybe... maybe Will wouldn't mind what he is. Maybe he'd buy him and they'd go home to Wolf Trap, Virgina and live happily together.

These ideas were gone as soon as they came, knowing that the moment Will found out he was going to be hurt. When Will found out, Hannibal had to make sure that he was more or less cured, otherwise he wouldn't get anymore help from Hannibal, and Hanibal couldn't stand the idea of Will seeing another psychiatrist. Jealousy, he realized. He was jealous of Will, and nothing he could do or say would stop this. He smiled at Will, ignoring all that was running through his head.

"So, what did Alana want, or is it between her and you alone?" He asked politely as he watched Will finish his dinner. Will shrugged, guessing he'd tell him because it wasn't that big of deal.

"She asked me how things were going, caught me up on all that was happening with the Chesapeake Ripper, and I... I told her something personal. She had threatened to pick me up tomorrow because of it and told me to keep my distance from you." Hannibal looked a little confused, but he had a good idea what Will had told Alana.

"Oh? As your current psychiatrist am I allowed to know what you told her?" He joked, smiling slightly, although on the inside he felt as if he was dying. Will blushed lightly and smiled, shaking his head.

"No, I... I don't think I should tell you." He said. Hannibal continued to smile, but his smile was soft and understanding. He nodded his head and rose from the table, clearing the dishes and carrying them in to be washed and put up for the night. Will followed and watched him, and Hannibal sighed.

"There's something on your mind. And if it is going to be a problem between us, I'd prefer if maybe you did leave with Alana tomorrow." He said gently. Will blinked a few times and sighed, moving even close than what he already was.

"If you had a secreat and I asked you to tell me, would you?" Hannibal acted like the question didn't affect him, but it did on the inside.

"It depends on the secret I guess." Hannibal could pratically feel Will getting closer to him, even though all it was was his footsteps falling on the floor.

"Alana seems to think you have a secret that you're keeping from me...and she might know it, so if you both know it and are keeping it from me, I would wish you would tell me." Hannibal didn't even have to move his eyes to know that Will was standing directly to his right.

"It's nothing big, Will. I promise." Hannibal said, and Will sighed. Hannibal found himself being swung around by the shoulders and kissed firmly. Hannibal's eyes widened and at first he didn't know what to do with himself. He then kissed back and placed his hands at Will's waist, moistening his clothes in the process due to Hannibal washing dishes.

"That..." Will whispered after they broke the kiss. "That's my secret... I love you..." Hannibal blinked several times and Will waited for a reaction. Hannibal pulled away and mumbled a 'Goodnight Will' before going into his room and closing the door. Will stood there, speechless and slightly hurt.

Near-Confessions and Exposed Wires

Chapter Summary

In which Hannibal punches a wall out of frustration and fluff happens

Chapter Notes

YOU GUYS ARE TOO MUCH AND WILL BE THE END OF ME I HOPE YOU KNOW THAT
I ALSO HOPE YOU KNOW THAT THE MORE YOU COMMENT(one per chapter is good enough) THE QUICKER I UPDATE BECAUSE MY WRITING APPARENTLY IS GOOD AND YOU ARE MUCH MORE THAN I BARGAINED FOR. I LOVE YOU ALL
DFTBA
(Don't Forget To Be Awesome)

When Will heard the loud thud come from Hannibal's room, he'd assumed he'd knocked something over it sounded that heavy and thick. He'd never have guessed that it was Hannibal's metal fist connecting with the wall. The wall had a nice hole it in, fist sized, that Hannibal would have to get fixed. He looked down at his hand and saw that the white coating that detailed his skin had torn, but was quickly repairing itself. It would be covering his hand again in thirty minutes.

He sighed as he sat on his bed. Hannibal honestly didn't understand why he had to go and fall in love with one, a patient that a trusted colleague had given him, and two, someone who hated androids. Whose *dog* hated androids. The way Will's eyes sometimes sometimes roamed his body indicated that sometimes Will desired him sexually as well as romantically. This wasn't a problem of course. As an android to be sold over and over again, he had the basic programming and machinery of a regular android, which meant he could participate in sexual activities. More or less, it was the idea that he sometimes did the same to Will that frightened Hannibal.

He thought about telling Will that night. Have him gone by tomorrow morning and be dissembled within the week. Because he had no more patients to attend to, and no one would see him given his origins, he was as good as scrap. Twenty minutes had passed since Hannibal had punched the wall, and then he heard a knock at his door. Slowly, wrapping his hand up before he did, he went to the door.

"Yes?" Hannibal asked Will, a little more sharply than meant. Will stiffened at the sound of his voice.

"I... May I come in..?" He asked softly. Hannibal nodded slightly and moved so he could. Will stepped in and the very first thing he noticed was the hole in the wall. "What happened?" He asked, worry involuntarily filling his voice.

"I punched the wall." Will blinked.

"You punched it?"

"Yes." Hannibal answered curtly, walking over to his bed but not sitting. Will sighed.

"I... I cam to apologize for my actions. I'm normally not that outgoing." Hannibal blinked and looked at him.

"What is there to apologize for?" He asked with confusion.

"Obviously there was something. I mean, I am your patient after all. Maybe kissing you was wrong that way. You took off right away though, and I assumed that was because I'd pushed too far..."

"Many patients have kissed me. It's not uncommon for sudden bursts of affection to occur between a patient and a doctor, but usually it's one sided." Will sighed softly again, closing his eyes.

"So I'm guessing you kiss all of your patients back?" There was a pause.

"No." Hannibal finally answered, walking over to Will. "I never kiss any of them back. Except you." Will looked up at once, blinking in confusion and surprise. "Will, I think I love you too. But I shouldn't. I really shouldn't." He moved closer to Will and Will's breath hitched in his throat, though he tried to hide it.

"I don't see why it's a problem." He whispered as Hannibal got closer to him, their lips nearly touching.

"You'll see. You'll see very soon why it's a very big problem." Hannibal whispered as he pressed his lips to Will's again. Will blinked but kissed back, snaking his arms around his neck. Hannibal held him by the waist and continued to kiss him. Will pulled them both to the bed and Hannibal broke the kiss at once. Will blinked.

"Something wrong?" He asked. Hannibal shook his head.

"I don't anything to go too far is all." He said. Will nodded in understanding and bit his lip.

"So, am I allowed to sleep in here or...?" Hannibal smiled and laid down on his side of the bed, holding Will by the waist. Will smiled and snuggled against him. Hannibal spooned him and covered him up.

"Good night Will." Will smiled and closed his eyes tiredly.

"Night, Dr. Lecter."

Loose Wires

Chapter Summary

There are problems that Hannibal can't fix with a few tools.

When Hannibal woke up, the first thing he noticed was Will's sleeping form pressed up against him. He smiled and kissed his cheek gently before moving some of the curls out of his face. He then realized something was off about his left hand. It was the hand he'd used to punch the wall yesterday, and until that moment he hadn't realized anything was wrong. But something was wrong. He couldn't move his left thumb at all. Not eve a twitch. Or his pinkie, now that he'd tested all his fingers. He got up silently without waking Will and found the handset, calling Bedelia's office.

"Good morning Hannibal." She said in a pleasant tone.

"Bedelia, I need a minor repair done. When is the soonest convenience you can take me?" He asked softly, trying not to wake Will. Bedelia ran through her papers.

"I can take you at three thirty this afternoon. Do you have enough money for what has happened?"

"Yes. It's small, just a frayed wire or two I think. I can't move my pinkie or my thumb." Hannibal lifted his left and hand and looked it over. He again tried to move his fingers, but with no luck.

"If you're sure that's all it is, I'd be happy to take you. And if you do need money Hannibal, I've told you that I don't mind paying for small repairs. I just can't handle the bigger things anymore, like replacing whole limbs." Hannibal had known this for quite sometime and he nodded even if Bedelia couldn't see him.

"Thank you again Bedelia. I just don't want Will to see." He said. There was a silence on her end for a minute and she sighed.

"Hannibal, you do understand that Will Graham is most likely going to be your last patient, correct?" Hannibal sighed softly, closing his eyes. Here it was, the speech he'd been expecting for a while now.

"More than likely, how things are going, yes. And I've already been asking around." He walked to his office and sat behind his desk. "There is no buyer of androids in the area. In any area. Or at least, one like myself."

"Which means that after Mr. Graham leaves your care, we may have to dissemble you." Hannibal felt more sadness at that than he'd ever planned on feeling. He imagined telling Will

that he'd be his last patient, Will trying to get another address or number to come and get him or call him. He imagined Will's rage and betrayal, mabye even denial, when Hannibal had to tell him. He drummed his three working fingers on his desk.

"I am aware, I just don't think I'm prepared for that... I think I love him, Bedelia. And he loves me as well. I'm posiitive this won't interfere with our therapy sessions, but I honestly have no idea how to tell him something like this." He said lowly, hoping not to wake Will.

"It would be best for you to tell him sooner than later, keep in mind. And don't forget that he could possibly buy you and help you to not be dissembled. But at the same time, there has been a history with Will Graham and violent interactions with androids." Hannibal sighed silently and closed his eyes. Why was this happening to him. Everything was set up and he was supposed to be gone within a month or two. All of his belongings that he'd bought over the years were marked for different people. Bedelia would get his wing of the institution as a private home to use when she wanted. Now this man has come into his life and made things overly complicated, Hannibal clinging to life just so he doesn't have to say goodbye.

"I know and I understand. His dog has taken on the same tones as his master, growling at androids when he comes across them. Will is also starting to put the pieces together on his own, and Winston growling at me is something to raise suspicion. I... also punched a wall last night and came out with minimal damage.' He said the last bit slowly. Bedelia sighed.

"It would be the absolute best for you to tell him. Three o'clock is when we need to leave to have your hand prepared."

"Thank you. Good bye, Bedelia." Hannibal hung up and went to make breakfast silently.

Certificates Never Lie

Chapter Summary

There is fluff and then there is Will's utter emotional destruction and pain.

By the time it was 2:40, Hannibal and Will were in the office, chatting aimlessly about ordinary things until Hannibal noticed the time. It would take ten minutes to get to the other half of the building where Bedelia's office was. Hannibal decided to go over the rules for while he was out, just to be sure that Will understood. Will wasn't a child anymore, and finally, after a few minutes, he sighed.

"Why are you leaving anyway?" He asked, annoyance lingering in his voice.

"I believe I may have broken a few fingers. I need to get it checked out, then I will be taking Bedelia out for a late lunch." Hannibal smiled, lightly amused by his annoyance. "The office is your's to explore, as is the garden. There are leftovers in the refridgerator, but I suggest that being all you're going in the kitchen for. My bedroom no matter what is off limits, and of course you can call Alana and she can take you somewhere. I will be gone for ninety minutes, give or take some."

"Yeah yeah... whatever..." He mumbled, pouting some. Hannibal smiled a little wider and began to leave when Will looked up. "Is that all?" He asked. Hannibal stopped and looked to him.

"Ah. Of course." He walked back over to Will and pressed a gentle kiss to his forehead, cupping his cheek in his hand. Will leaned into it and smiled slightly before kissing Hannibal properly. Hannibal kissed back, pulling him closer slightly. Will continued to kiss him, loving how Hannibal had been so agreeing to a relationship with him. It made him feel so special and wanted. Hannibal's lips finally had to part to get to Bedelia's office. "I have to go." he said softly.

"Fine." Will murmured. He took Hannibal's left hand into his own hands and kissed where Hannibal had told him it was damaged. Hannibal smiled softly at that and leaned in close to his ear to whisper,

"I love you." Will's eyes fluttered shut at the sound of his smooth accent.

"I love you too." He whispered back. Of course, all good things must come to an end. Hannibal pulled away after awhile of just staring at Will, which Will didn't mind because he would've been staring back if his eyes weren't closed, he left for his appointment.

Will wondered around the office for a good twenty or thirty minutes, scanning the spines of different books and occasionally trying to read them. He got bored with them rather quickly and went to the kithen, eating the leftovers from the night before silently and alone. He was outside for a little bit, but went back in after awhile. He thought of calling Alana, but got rid of the idea. He'd end up telling her about his relationship with Hannibal and she'd only shake her head in disapproval. So he did the last thing he should do.

Will approached Hannibal's room slowly and entered quietly, as if it was haunted and something was going to jump out at him. His room smelled of the fine aftershave that Hannibal always wore and sometimes gave to Will to try. It wasn't that Will didn't like it, he just liked it better on Hannibal. Will looked in the wall where it was punched and pulled out something white. It was the white coating that made up Hannibal's skin. Will knew that it was something people sometimes put over top of robots to make them seem more human, and he was confused why he found it there.

After that he couldn't help himself. He was snooping through Hannibal's things and he didn't care. Androids never came into that wing of the hospital, so why would he find that there? He opened up the side table drawer and blinked. Inside was a small took box. Inside the box was various tools, a few replacement wires and metal pieces. Under the box, there were two certificates, a document, a few other papers. The first one was a certificate of...being assembled? Will stared in shock and hurt at the document in his hands.

Name: Dr. Hannibal Lecter
Authentication Code: HL13WG669

Will blinked a few times and pulled out another document. He'd been given to the hospital just up the street as a gift a few hours after he'd been assembled. There was a newspaper article there. 'PRIZED MACHINE KNOWN FOR HIS SURGICAL TALENTS'. There was a picture of Hannibal on the front, only younger. As Will skimmed the article, it told of this young android able to do things only humans had the rights to do. On the next article, it's headline read, 'ANDROID DOOMED TO DISSEMBLATION'. This article told of Miriam Lass, the young girl who was killed on the android's operating table. The last certificate was one that told of his redesign and programming to become a psychiatrist.

Hannibal had been lying to him, and with that realization, every puzzle piece fell into place. Winston's growling, his protection of his wrist when he'd gotten hurt by the dogs, the white coating he found in the wall. And even the appointment with Ms. Du Maurier. He probably had broken something when he punched the wall. Will threw the stuff back into the nightstand drawer and clenched his fists. He'd been *lied to* by the one man who he thought he could trust. He heard footsteps coming down the hall and didn't have to turn around to know he was in the doorway.

"Will?" Hannibal asked.

"Dr. Lecter," Will said through clenched teeth. "I think we need to talk."

Arguing and Pain

Chapter Summary

> "I don't care if you're dissembled. In fact, I'd love to pay for front seat tickets to /watch/."

Hannibal felt good. Better than good. He felt *new.* It was rare he felt this good. The wiring in his hand was completely shot. It was the reason why he hadn't felt his palm when he'd set his hand down. Then it turned out it wasn't just his hand. In fact, his whole left arm had to be rewired and the feeling off the new wires buzzing in his system left him smiling for the whole ride home. Bedelia smiled at how happy he looked.

"I'm sorry about not getting the chance to take you out to lunch, Bedelia." He said. "I will repay you somehow though. How about dinner down in my wing of the hospital?" Hannibal looked to Bedelia and she smiled a little wider.

"I think I would like that, Hannibal. I also think that maybe we should get you rewired a little more often. It seems to boost your spirits by a considerable amount." Hannibal chuckled.

"I will be dissembled before next month is over. I doubt I should get rewired." He said, even this he said this in the lightest of tones. Bedelia nodded slightly. After they were inside, Hannibal began walking to his wing, smiling. When he walked through, the first thing he noticed was that the door to his bedroom was open. His smile disappeared instantly. He walked to the door way and looked in. Will was shaking, with anger this time and not fear.

"Will?" He asked softly. Will didn't turn around.

"Dr. Lecter," He growled, causing Hannibal to stiffen. "I think we need to talk." Hannibal looked to his left his hand, the wires buzzing happily in him as they were still settling in his system. He walked over to Will and Will stood, glaring at him. The glare made his throat close it seemed.

"Yes. I think we should. Will, don't be angry." Hannibal had read Will's background with androids. When he was angry, he could get violent. Usually, Will could control his temper perfectly, but this.. this crossed a huge line.

"You want me not to be angry?!" He yelled. "Hannibal, I spilled my *life* to you! I trusted you with everthing! Everything! And I find out you..." Will looked away. "I bet you didn't care. At all. You shrugged it off and carried on. You pretended to care." Hannibal was hurt at that, but covered it up.

"I didn't pretend. Not once." He said, raising his voice but not yelling. "I genuinely care about you. Otherwise would your nightmares have stopped? Would I have perscribed you a bottle of pills to help with the delusions and recommend that you see a proper doctor if I didn't care?" Hannibal was more or less desperate to keep a hold of Will.

"Yeah, thanks for that! But you didn't tell me this! You know how much I hate androids! You do! I've told you before and you nodded, saying you understood. You've flat out *lied* to me! I asked you if you were human and you said yes! Of course you were!" Hannibal recoiled slightly and sighed.

"It was wrong, but I am the best doctor for you Will. And you were still sick." He said. Will huffed. "I wanted to help make sure you were better."

"You don't really love me, do you." Will asked, eyes narrowed slightly. "Androids can't love, so it wouldn't surprise me." Hannibal again masterfully hid his pain.

"I do love you." He said softly, going to run a hand through Will's curls just to be rejected. Will swatted his hand away and set his jaw.

"How could you? You're metal." He murmured. "Machines can't feel a damn thing."

"I'm different. I... I have the ability to feel human emotions. Sadness, anger, love... pain..." He said, the last word being spoken softly. Will either didn't hear him or didn't care. He was pissed.

"You decieved me! You lied to me and you expect me to believe you now! What was the point of all this?! I mean really! You and Alana both know that I hate androids. I despise them and you didn't care then! Why would you care now?!"

"Because the moment you leave the hospital I'm being signed up for dissemblation!" He said, voice rising even more. "I don't want to say good bye to you and have it be unhappy. I *never* want to say goodbye! It's why I haven't told you sooner or any of it! Because I love you more than I have any other being!"

"Oh? That's it then! You want me as a life saver! With me around, you can't get dissembled because you have a job to do! Well guess what, I don't care if you're dissembled. In fact, I'd love to pay front row seat tickets to watch." Hannibal froze and at that he broke. The sadness stretched across his face and was visible in every mark. Every wrinkle. Everything. Will realized his mistake and his eyes widened.

"Out." Hannibal said lowly, fist clenching. "Get out of my room." Will could only nod like a dog who had been scolded and he left slowly. The door was shut and locked. Will leaned against the wall next to the door and slid to the floor, sitting there, waiting to fix his mistake.

Emotional Scars

Chapter Summary

Will is still very much angry, but he tries to fix his mistake.

Chapter Notes

PLEASE READ GUYS I KNOW SOMETIMES PEOPLE DON'T READ NOTES. OR MAYBE I'M THE ONLY ONE. I DON'T KNOW

I get comments from people who don't have profiles? I think those are guests. I just want to let all of you guys know, especially Soundless Voice who constantly comments and I'm grateful for that, that I do reply. Just... I don't want you guys to feel like I ignore you. I reply to nearly every comment I receive as I see it rude not to.
If I don't, it's usually because I'm getting ready to update and I don't remember to.
Anyway! This chapter ends on a fluffy note and there is implied smut! I hope you enjoy that! If not, I'm sorry. I'm not good at writing smut. I'm working on it.

Will waited an hour to be let in, and still wasn't. So finally, he stood and knocked softly on the door. There wasn't an answer, and Will listened. He could hear the soft clank of metal against more metal. He knocked again.

"Hannibal," He said softly. "Please let me." The motion in his room stopped and he heard Hannibal sigh. It was an incredibly soft sigh, but he could still hear it. The door unlocked and Will took that as come in. Gently he walked into the room. Hannibal was working on his other arm, the right one. "I-I guess you didn't actually go to the doctor today."

"No." Hannibal answered curtly.

"May I know where you actually went?" Will asked softly.

"I went to get my left arm rewired. A few wires short circuited last night when I punched the wall." He murmured. Will sighed and ran a hand over his face. Seeing Hannibal's arm opened up like that, talking about this... it wasn't right and he did't like it.

"I'm still pissed." He murmured. "But what I said was wrong, and I... I want to fix it." Hannibal nodded slightly and picked up the metal plate beside his lap. He pressed it into place and sealed it, the white coating becoming his skin. Hannibal rolled down his sleeve and looked over at Will.

"It's only natural for you to want to fix it. It's not needed of course. Being your psychiatrist, or anything more than that, requires trust. I broke your trust, and you reacted. It's only... human." Hannibal looked to his arm and his shoulders fell. "I'm sorry, Will. And I understand if you want to leave." He concluded. Will shook his head and sat on his bed. Hannibal moved to sit closer to him and Will sighed softly.

"It was still wrong of me to say things like that..." They sat in silence for awhile. Then Will spoke. "I still love you." Hannibal smiled slightly at that.

"If it means anything to you, I still love you too." He said. Will gave a small smile. "I also know that you desire me still." Will laughed at that remark. It was a small, barely noticeable laugh.

"What makes you think I still desire you?"

"The way you look at me... It's one with lust and sexual desire. It's perfectly fine to feel that way." Will paused.

"Do you feel that way?" There was some silence.

"I don't know if it's desire, but I want to touch you." Hannibal murmured. "You seem... smooth. Yet rough. Like the surface of the water is. Jagged and piercing, and yet gentle and calming." Hannibal said softly.

"Let's... let's have an affair." Will decided. The silence loomed over once again and soon Hannibal was chuckling softly. Will looked to him with a small smile. "What's funny?"

"Me. You. Us overall." He looked to Will with a small smile. They looked like teenagers sitting there on the bed. "You just found out that I'm an android, got into a fight with me, and yet you're suggesting an affair." Will shrugged shyly.

"I don't see the problem. You love me. I love you. Let's have an affair. It doesn't have to last very long if it makes you uncomfortable after awhile..." Hannibal chuckled some more.

"I don't think I'd be uncomfortable ever... Are you still angry?" Will shrugged some.

"Not as much as I was. I just realized Alana lied too."

"On my behalf."

"All the same."

"Don't punish her too hard." Will shrugged and turned to face Hannibal. Hannibal turned and faced him with a smile. "So, tell me, how does one have an affair?" Will laughed softly.

"You don't know?" Hannibal shook his head.

"I've never had a reson to find out." Will smiled a little more at him.

"How old are you? Not the age you're programmed with, but acutal age." Hannibal blushed lightly, feeling slightly embarrassed.

"Seventeen years old is the age of my machinery." Will laughed and Hannibal turned a little darker.

"Sorry, I just find that hard to believe."

"You're not the first. But back to the affair thing."

"Right, well... first it starts with kissing." Hannibal nodded. "And then you remove your clothes..." Hannibal chuckled at how awkward Will seemed. Will rolled his eyes. "Then you have sex essentially." He murmured. Hannibal smiled.

"So... kissing." He said as he kissed Will lightly. Wil blinked and kissed back, eyes slowly shutting. They moved closer and Will rested his hands on Hannibal's waist. Hannibal cupped Will's cheek with one hand and held him by his middle with the other. His fingers slowly travled up Will's face and through his curls. Will hummed at that.

"And then..." Will said softly. "And then there's uh... Uh clothes. Clothes removed." Hannibal chuckled and nodded, beginning to take off his jacket and Wll blinked. "Can you even.. you know..." Hannibal nodded.

"You've seen what they adertise other androids for. I promise that I will make an adequate sexual partner." He smiled. Will gulped slightly, wondering if Hannibal had any idea just how turned on he was. Hannibal got out of his top layers fairly quickly. Then he began to strip Will.

"You are agonizingly slow." Will murmured, though really he wasn't. Hannibal chuckled and kissed him.

"Show me how that last part goes." He murmured softly.

One More Phone Call and One More Confession

Chapter Summary

Will calls Alana once again and Hannibal tells him his last confession.

Will smiled as he watched Hannibal chop up some potatoes for hashbrowns. The phone had rang three times before Alana finally picked up.

"Hello Will." She said.

"Hey, Alana. I was just calling to tell you that you're fired from being my psychiatrist, but I would like to remain friends." There was a pause on her end.

"Alright then." She finally said. "Is there any reason why?"

"You lied to me. About Hannibal. The only reason I'm not firing him is because..." He glanced at Hannibal again. He hadn't fixed his hair that morning yet, and was wearing his royal blue robe as he made breakfast. Only his robe. Will probably looked just as bad, only in a crappier robe. Hannibal caught him glancing and smiled.

"I don't want to know." She said suddenly, snapping Will out of his haze. *"Anyway, any other reason? I have patients to see."* Will blinked and nodded.

"Yes. I need you to talk to Jack Crawford. I need to get any money I can out of him. For my services. I haven't been billing him, but I'm starting now. I think, with the emotional stress and physical pain, eight hundred dollars would be in order?" Hannibal looked up at him. Eight hundred dollars was a good fee, and got them more than half way there to their goal.

"I'd say eight hundred is being cheap, but yeah. Eight hundred at the very least. I will talk to him about it, since to him I'm still your psychiatrist. Can I ask what you need it for?" Will smiled and nodded.

"I'm going to buy Hannibal. It costs a thousand dollars, but Hannibal said he had two hundred stored away in the bank. I just need eight hundred more and he can continue on without worrying about being dissembled." Hannibal smiled at the thought of being owned by Will.

"Cool. I will talk to Jack, and phone you with the results. Goodbye?"

"Bye Alana." he nodded, smiling and hanging up. He then walked over and held Hannibal from behind as he cooked, nuzzling into his shoulder blades. Hannibal smiled some more.

"Hello Will." He said, turning slightly. Will hummed in response.

"Hello Hannibal." He replied, voice mumbled slightly. Hannibal chuckled and continued to cook. "There's something on my mind and I can't seem to get off it. Even though it's rediculous." Hannibal turned to him again.

"What's that?"

"I've been thinking about the Chesapeake Ripper." Hannibal felt something drop within him. "I mean, I've told you about him. Alana told me about these murders that had love icons scattered throughout them. Like cupids and heart removal. Beautiful artwork in his mind, but having loving overtones. He wouldn't do this." He murmured.

"It was his subconscious maybe?" Hannibal asked. "Maybe he's found love."

"The first one like this was a little over a month ago. The night I came here." Will thought, closing his eyes. "Hmm..." Hannibal was panicking slightly but ignored it. Will would put it together. Once again he'd be exposed. After he'd thought he'd had it alright now, it was going to fall apart. Will laughed, causing Hannibal to panic more.

"Well?" He chuckled. "What conclusion have you come to."

"That it's you." Will chuckled. "Isn't that rediculous?" Hannibal bit his lip. Will frowned. "It's not you, though. Right?"

"There maybe one more thing we should talk about."

Denial

Chapter Summary

> Will is in denial as to what he discovered and he tries to convince himself that it's a lie. Hannibal fights to make him believe him.

By 2:10 they were both in Hannibal's office, dressed and pampered for the day, Hannibal's hair parted in its usual spot and dressed impeccably in his suit. Will was wearing his usual, his messy curls refusing to be combed down and actually look proper. He took a shaky breath and Hannibal waited for his response.

"You're not the Chesapeake Ripper." Will murmured.

"Pushing yourself further and further into denial isn't good for you. I am the Chesapeake Ripper, Wil. I have been since a few months after I was assembled." Hannibal said firmly. Will shook his head repeatedly.

"No. You're Hannibal Lecter. My psychiatrist and... lover?" He questioned. Hannibal wasn't so sure of it himself, and so he decided to leave that part out of his response.

"I'm Dr. Hannibal Lecter, your psychiatrist and the Chesapeake Ripper." Hannibal said firmly. Will ran a hand over his face. He was shaky slightly and in utter denial. It fit, of course. Hannibal would remember how to be surgeon and all-wait. Memory.

"Someone could've manipulated your memory. Uploaded false memories or-or something." Hannibal sighed and walked over to him, cupping his cheek in his hand. Will looked up at him, almost ready to cry. "P-Please... Just... be mine. I want us to be happy an-and if you're a killer then you'll be dissembled for sure." Will hugged Hannibal tightly and Hannibal held him close.

"Calm down Will." He said gently. "I have alluded the FBI for seventeen years, I think I could get away with just stopping. No one would find out. Only you would know." Will was still shaking, nodding against Hannibal.

"Is-is this the last secret? Is this it?" Hannibal nodded softly.

"This is it. This is the last secret, I promise." He pulled Will closer. Will smiled a little at the closeness, no longer caring if he was an android or a killer. He was warm and soft and gentle. Hannibal rubbed his back and kissed his head. "I love you Will." He whispered. Will smiled a little wider.

"I love you too Hannibal." He said. Hannibal smiled and sat down with him, singing to him softly in Lithuanian, where his accent originated from. Will sighed at the sound of his voice

singing in it's native accent. He didn't tell Hannibal about the numbness creeping up his leg.

When Will was asleep, Hannibal got up and went to his desk, grabbing the handset. He called Bedelia and smiled softly.

"Hello?" She asked, her voice having a sleep tone to it, suggesting that she had been napping.

"Hello Bedelia." He said, sounding happier. "I have excellent news."

"What news couldn't wait until later?" She asked, teasing him only slightly. Hannibal smiled a little at the teasing.

"Will Graham knows. He wants to purchase me at soonest conveinence. Is the price still set at-"

"One thousand dollars. Yes. Can he afford it?"

"We're hoping. So far it looks like he can, with a little help from myself."

"Congratulations." She replied. *"May I continue with my nap?"* Hannibal chuckled.

"Sure. Sleep well, Bedelia."

[I invite everyone to read the tags to prepare for the upcoming chapter(s)]

Chapter Summary

^title

Things were actually starting to look up for Will and Hannibal. After the incident with being the Chesapeake Ripper and an android, Will and Hannibal's relationship was better and more open. Alana had gotten the eight hundred that Will *did* deserve from Jack Crawford, and Hannibal had two hundred left in the bank. A little paperwork here and there, and legally Hannibal belonged to Will. While Hannibal and Will finished up Will's time in the institute, Hannibal sold random objects around his house that he wouldn't need. The movie he used when to adding extensions to Will's house, specifically making the kitchen bigger, adding a decent sized bedroom, and an office.

They went out to Wolf Trap, Will was excited to see his new home. He knew it would look mostly the same, but he had had to keep the dogs in a kennel, and if the renovations were that big he was excited. The clash between how Hannibal designed his home and how designed his home were at clash within the moment he walked in. The living room was a tad bit bigger, giving the dogs more room to stretch out. The fireplace was working, and new furniture had been put in. Will's design in walls and decor was the same here.

The kitchen, which would probably be mostly run by Hannibal, showed off more Hannibal's style than Will's. While the living room had a distinct coziness and warmth to do it, Hannibal's kitchen showed off something a bit more business like. Everything was meticulously set in place, Hannibal knowing exactly where to find everything.

Hannibal then led them to the office, which wasn't as big as Hannibal's old office but pretty close. It had a jointed waiting room with it's own door, so people weren't walking threw their house if they were a client. Out in Wolf Trap, he'd already received several calls and made a few appointments for regular psychiatric practice to continue in the next week.

The bedroom simply took Will back. It was large, with it's own master bath attached. The headboard had built in shelves, and on the wall was a fishing pole rack, where each pole was carefully displayed, and his finest lures where displayed beside it. His lure-making desk he noticed was still in the living room, and this pleased him. There were two closets and one dresser, the dresser holding most of Will's clothes. One closet had Hannibal's suits. Will leaned into Hannibal and sighed.

"How did you afford all of this? It couldn't be because you were selling things." Hannibal chuckled.

"I did call in a few favors. A few small donations here and there. And some of the things I own are very expesive." Will nodded and looked around.

"Apparently." He collapsed onto the bed and grinned. "This is perfect. All we need is the dogs." Hannibal chuckled once more and laid down on the bed with him, holding him close. Will smiled and turned in his arms, kisisng him gently. Hannibal kissed back just as gently, running a hand through his curls. Will smiled a little more and closed his eyes.

"We'll go get the dogs tomorrow." He promised. "Both of us. Winston will have to get used to me, of course." Will nodded slightly. "Do you think he'll ever get used to me?"

"Yes." Will nodded. "He'll get used to you. I promise." He smiled. Hannibal smiled in return and Will frowned. Hannibal then looked concerned. "Hannibal... I really can't feel my legs." Hannibal sat up and began to examine them. Will bit his lip when Hannibal felt them, looking for the source of numbness. "No, I can't feel any of that." Hannibal looked up at him.

"We need to get you to a hospital. Now."

-~-~-~

"Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis," The Doctor Sutcliffe said finally. Hannibal stared at him. Sutcliffe looked up at him. Hannibal shook his head.

"It's not that."

"It is. The symptoms in him have seemed to been slow acting within him, but at this moment I'd say he has... a week. Eight days at most." Sutcliffe said, continuing on. Hannibal sat down, looking hurt and pained.

"This disease is slow acting." He murmured. "The symptoms have to show. The body slowly being over heated by this... it has to show." He looked up at Sutcliffe. "What can we do? There has to be some way we can save him."

"As far as I can tell, no." Sutcliffe looked through his notes. "Within the next few days, everything above the waist will start shutting down." He bit his lip. "There is one thing we could try. We need a volunteer for it, but I doubt your Mr. Graham would agree to it." Hannibal perked up at it.

"Tell me." He stood. "Tell me now."

"Well, first of all, you have to know that the human mind, its electrons and neurons in it, the sparks flying in there, it;s almost no different than an android's wiring." Hannibal shot daggers at him, the look so cold and desperate it was hard to believe he was the same man.

"*Tell me."* He said. Sutcliffe sighed.

"There's something we want to try for patients with permanent spine damage, and we need a volunteer. Sceintists believe that the human mind can be wired and..." Hannibal blinked at him.

"You want to try to make him an android?"

"Yes."

A Talk That's Not Welcomed

Chapter Summary

Hannibal sits down with Will and tells him what's happening to his body.

Chapter Notes

Bit of a filler! Sorry guys. Juicy things coming up though.

Hannibal sat down on Will's bed when he entered. Will smiled at him. Hannibal smiled back and began to think of what he'd say. There weren't many ways to go about this. None of them would be appreciated, he knew for a fact. Telling someone that their body was essentially rotting with them still conscious inside of it could spawn an angry, or maybe shocked, response.

"I was getting worried you'd never come and see me." Will joked. Hannibal chuckled softly.

"They didn't want me in here while they were observing you. Thought I might make you nervous or uneasy." Will shrugged at that and smiled a little more when he was kissed. He kissed back happily and frowned when Hannibal pulled away. Then he noticed the look on his face.

"What's wrong?" He asked. Hannibal sighed softly and ran a hand over his face.

"You're dying, Will." He said softly. "Not just that this disease is terminal, but... you're going to be dead in eight or less days." He said, looking up at him again. Will blinked in surprise and bit his lip.

"Oh..." He leaned forward and pulled Hannibal down in a hug, squeezing tightly. The surprised android hugged back after a second and nuzzled his face into his shoulder. Will held himself close and squeezed his eyes shut tight.

"There's... there's one thing, though." Hannibal whispered. Will's eyes snapped open and he looked to Hannibal with hope. Hannibal sighed softly. "You're not going to like it, though. I promise you that."

"What is it?" Hannibal bit his lip.

"They want to... wire your brain, for something similar to a transplant. Except you'll be an... an android." He said. Will stared at him, in disbelief he'd even suggest something that ridiculous.

"You're kidding." He said, deadpanned.

"No." Hannibal replied as he shook his head. "I've been over the figures... there's a good chance that it could work."

"And I bet there's a high chance it won't work!" He sat up with some difficulty, his legs still numb and acting more like dead weight at the moment.

"It's better than this situation! In this situation you have a hundred percent chance of dying! One hundred. With this surgery, there's a sevent five percent chance that you'll live. And if you don't, the research they spend on why it didn't work could save lives down the line." Hannibal said. Will sighed and shook his head.

"No. I don't like that. I refuse to let myself get that low." Hannibal raised an eyebrow.

"Being an android would be a low to you?" Will bit his lip.

"Look, I just don't want to be one, okay? I'd just much rather die a human. I'm sorry that I'd be leaving you, it's not something I *want* to do. I just don't want to watch all my friends grow up around me either." Hannibal sighed and nodded.

"I understand... they're giving you three days to think on it." He said softly. "I love you Will." Hannibal added. Will gave a small smile.

"I love you too." He whispered, pulling Hannibal down onto the bed next to him. "Don't ever think I don't." Will nuzzled into him and Hannibal smiled, pulling him closer. The two cuddled there for awhile before Will yawned softly. Hannibal moved his curls from his face and began to sing softly in Lithuanian. Will snuggled into him before slowly drifting off to sleep.

To Die Slowly Is To Torture The Mind

Chapter Summary

Will is an adorable puppy who is being tortured by his own body.

Will coughed harshly in the dead of night. It had been two days since he and Hannibal had talked about one of the only solutions to saving his life. The disease had only gotten worse. He could barely move his arms or his head, and it was really affecting his lungs now, tugging on them and occasionally causing them to be without air. Hannibal never left his side for a moment. Everytime he went into a coughing spell, Hannibal was there to pat his back and help get it out of him. Like, tonight for instance. Will was coughing, his cough worse than normal, and Hannibal shot up out of his chair. He began to pat his back and shake him gently.

"Will, wake up." He said. "Come on." Hannibal kissed his cheek. "Wake up." Will woke with a shaky gasp as the air returned to his system and he whimpered slightly. Hannibal laid down on his bed and held him. "Just a few days more, Will." He whispered. "And all the pain will go away." Will whimpered at that and snuggled into Hannibal the best he could, Hannibal holding him into return to pull him closer.

"I don't.... I don't wanna die." He whispered to Hannibal, a few tears running down his cheeks. "I don't wanna... I want to stay with you and Winston and all the dogs and everyone." He whimpered. Hannibal ran a hand through his curls and kissed his forehead. He didn't bother briging up the surgery, as everytime he had Will had snapped at him.

"No one wants to die, Will." Hannibal soothed, kissing his head again. "No one wants to die at all. We want to stay with our loved ones for a very long time. But this disease is going to take you, and I can't stop it unfortunately." He nuzzled against Will and kissed his cheek. Will whimpered again and held him close, snuggling into his chest and whimpering occasionally. He looked up at Hannibal with big eyes, begging.

"Make it stop." He whimpered. "Make it all stop. Please." Hannibal stared at him, looking and feeling broken. This wasn't something he could do. He couldn't fix this. Will whimpered again and nuzzled into his chest. Hannibal held him close and kissed his head.

"It'll be over soon enough." He promised softly. "I can't help you... I'm so sorry Will. I want to so badly, but I can't... there is no cure for what you've got, though usually it happens slowly, months, even years pass before they die." Will was thankful for that. He'd rather his body get it over with in a little more than a week than slowly die by the years. Will was thinking and he whimpered as the thought returned to his mind.

"Fine." He whispered. "I... I'll do it. I will. I'll let them try out the experiment on me." Hannibal blinked in surprise and hugged him close.

"Thank you." He breathed. Will snuggled into hima nd whimpered softly. "You're going to be alright Will. You're going to be alright." Hannibal promised, kissing his head and holding him close. "It'll be okay now."

"I believe you." He whimpered softly. "Everything's going to be fine." Hannibal smiled at that and moved some curls from his face. Will smiled weakly up at him and Hannibal got up. "Where are you going?"

"No where." He replied, going over to the window to open the blinds and let some moonlight in. Will smiled a little more as Hannibal rejoined him on the bed and they cuddled. Well, more Hannibal held Will and let himself be a cuddling pillow. "I love you Will." Hannibal said softly into his ear.

"I love you too Hannibal."

Debriefing and Company

Chapter Summary

Sutcliffe informs Will of the surgery. Jack and Alana come to visit.

Chapter Notes

ANOTHER filler chapter. >_

Will and Hannibal didn't sleep for the rest of the night, too awake and mostly frightened what would happen if Will did go to sleep. He had one more coughing spell, a really bad one. It got to the point that the only way for him to stop coughing was for Hannibal to almost pound on his back to get some of the fluid lose. Will was shaking by the time he stopped. Sutcliffe came in early to inform Will and Hannibal of the exact proceedures that would be happening, so nothing would be a mystery. Hannibal helped Will sit up so he could face the doctor.

"The process itself is very simple." He said. "When we have your brain rendered unconscious, we'll go in and connect most of it to wires, including the stem that will make it easy to connect it to an android's body." Will nodded slightly. "You won't be conscious. In fact, you'll be in a state similar to death." Hannibal stiffened at that.

"Will you be able to turn his brain back on after this?" Sutcliffe nodded.

"If we weren't able to, we wouldn't be doing this." He promised. Hannibal nodded slightly and Sutcliffe looked to Will. "Do you personally have any questions?" Will nodded very slightly.

"After I've been moved over to the metal android body, will I look like me?" Sutcliffe nodded.

"We're going to make sure that every detail of you is replicated onto the body. And if this works, this could mean saving many more lives than your own. Don't worry about us getting any details wrong. We have an expert to design it." Will raised an eyebrow and Sutcliffe gave a smile, gesturing to Hannibal. Hannibal chuckled and nodded.

"I am a bit of an expert." He said, kissing Will's head. Will smiled at that and soon Sutcliffe left. He called Alana and Jack, deciding that if for some reason this surgery didn't go well, he wanted to be on good terms with some of the only friends he had. Alana came by first.

"Hello." She smiled gently. Will smiled and waved slightly.

"Hi..." he coughed harshly and Alana frowned, sitting next to his bed.

"It's gotten pretty bad then.." She said. "Any chance you'll recover?" Will shook his head.

"No.. so I said yes to the surgery we discussed last time I called." Alana blinked and then bit her lip. She glanced at Hannibal and then back to Will.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" She asked him.

"I'm sure." He replied softly. Jack came in next and Will gave him a friendly smile. Hannibal attempted a friendly smile, and he succeeded, but just barely. He didn't like Jack after hearing about how far he'd pushed Will just to get what he wanted. "Hey Jack." Will said. Jack nodded slightly and sat down, sighing.

"I don't know what to say..." He said. Will chuckled softly.

"You're not at a funeral."

"Feels like I'm at one. You look really sick." Hannibal nodded at Jack.

"He is. The only way to save his life is also one that endangers it." Jack looked confused. Will and Alana then co-explained the process and Jack looked surprised.

"You agreed to that?" He asked. "You hate androids. Why become one?" Will sighed softly and nuzzled into Hannibal. That's when Jack got it. "You can't leave him." Will shook his head.

"Him. Or the dogs. Or you guys. Not yet." He said. Jack nodded softly in understanding. Alana sighed and closed her eyes.

"I really hope this whole surgery ends well..." Jack nodded.

"We all do."

Surgery

Chapter Summary

Surgery

Will's brain was rendered useless within twenty minutes. It was as if he'd died, Hannibal notice. His body didn't twitch, his eyes didn't flutter and his chest would barely rise and fall. He insisted on being there the entire time, and Sutcliffe agreed. It would help, in case he needed a rest. After all, this would be a twenty four hour surgery, which meant that Sutcliffe would get no sleep that night. Hannibal watched as they took the bone saw to his skull, carefully cutting it open to reveal the brain matter in front of them.

"His brain is truly gorgeous..." Sutcliffe mumbled. "Every neurologists' dream. If you look," Hannibal went over and looked inside his head. "The right side of his brain has so many nerves to connect it. It's also the right half of his brain that was inflamed, correct?" Hannibal nodded. "It's also the right side of his brain that he did that thing on. It's what helped him make those connections." He pointed at a bundle of nerves, one of many. He then compared it to the other half of the brain, which wasn't as connected.

"Interesting." Hannibal said. "During this surgery, could we undo how he does this?" Sutcliffe shrugged slightly and thought about it.

"I think I could straighten out some of his nerves... There are a few things I could do. I couldn't take away his empathy disorder permanently, of course. That's a part of his mind, not his brain. But I can help with what makes this connections and jumps. He may have his empathy disorder, but he won't be reliving the crime when analyzing it. These nerves connected so much is what causes that. His brain is literaly out of his control." Hannibal nodded slightly, following most of what Sutcliffe said, but the neurologist was too much in his own world to make sense.

"Do it." Hannibal decided. "Be careful though. Moving the wrong nerve-"

"I'm aware of the consequences, Dr. Lecter." Sutcliffe assured him. He worked for several more hours before finally needing a break. Hannibal sat at Will's side, looking over his sleeping body. Sutcliffe was eating a protein bar with a coffee. He looked to Hannibal. "You really love him." Hannibal nodded slightly.

"I do. I love him very, very much. More than I ever imagined loving another being." He said. "It makes me wonder what life we could've led together if this hadn't happened."

"You two will still live a good life." Sutcliffe said. "I promise you that." Hannibal gave a slight smile and sighed.

"It's just utterly terrifying knowing that he may not wake up from this surgery. One thing goes wrong, and he'll be dead... Do we know how to transport his brain to the building plant?" Sutcliffe nodded.

"Leave that part to me. I know how we'll do it. He'll be fine, alright? I promise." Hannibal nodded slightly.

"I just don't want to lose the only thing that I love." Dr. Sutcliffe nodded again.

"I understand that. Well, back to work." He said, standing. Hannibal stood and watched him wire Will's brain, the grey matter mixed in with the shining silver wires. He sighed as Sutcliffe continued to work. It wasn't uncommon that people would surgically put wires and machinery into their heads to help save a part of it, but this was more than that. This was getting ready to be a machine and prepping your mind for that transition. Hannibal held Will's hand, sighing softly and glancing at the clock.

While his brain was being worked on, Will found himself in something similar to an out-of-body experience. The talking of helping his empathy disorder had made him more or less happy. Seeing Hannibal's concern robbed him of any existing happiness. He walked over to his boyfriend, who was holding his hand, and laid his hand over them.

"I'm fine Hannibal." He promised him. "I'm still here. I promise. I'm not going to leave you." Will's voice was hollow, not making any real sound. Hannibal didn't even look his way and he knew why. This wasn't him as a ghost or anything similar to that. This was just his mind surveying what was happening and giving him someway to relieve some of the fear by talking with him.

"I love you." He said next as Hannibal moved away from him to chat with Sutcliffe. He followed to hear what they were talking about.

"So, you have every detail memorized then?" Sutcliffe asked. Hannibal nodded.

"Every inch of his body I have surveyed. I know his exact heights and measurements." Sutcliffe gave him a form and Will watched him correctly give his height, weight, arm lengths, leg lengths and his... length's length. He blushed slightly, having not expected him to pay that *close of attention to him.*

"I will calculate the skin tone and eye color and such when he's assembled. Same with his hair." Hannibal said as he wrote down his finger lengeths, foot and toe lengths, and hand size. Along with how wide his face was the exact placement of his eyes, ears, nose mouth and hair line.

"Good. I'd like him to be as normal looking as possible. I don't think he wants to wake up in the morning and be able to instantly remember he's an adroid." Hannibal shook his head.

"I don't want that for him either. I'd like him to be able to recognize himself as a human as much as possible. Including by his rights." He said.

"Yes. He will maintain all human rights. We might even be able to get you your own rights." Will smiled alone with Hannibal when that was said. Will then sighed and went in back by his body. As an adroid, he didn't know if he and Hannibal would be as compatible. Maybe they'd both be repelled to each other. Maybe they'd no longer want the same things. He hoped to God it wouldn't happen that way.

Assemblation

Chapter Summary

Android Will is complete

Hannibal watched as the assemblation machine carefully built a body around the main headpiece that would soon be Will. Every detail was perfect. Every size, length, everything. Perfect. He himself worked on the little details, such as significant folds in the skin, wrinkles, scars, eye color, hair color, curl size, everything. The android looked exactly like Will, and he bit his lip. One wrong wire, one wrong set up move, one wrong *anything* and Hannibal wouldn't ever get to speak to Will again. Jack Crawford and Alana Bloom were watching with Hannibal from the booth as the android was dressed in Will's normal attire.

"Jesus..." Alana muttered. "That looks just like him..." Hannibal nodded. "You memorized all that?" Hannibal nodded again.

"When I get bored, I observe. And so I observed him until I had every detail commited to memory." Hannibal said plainly, annoyed that other people were required to be present with him while he worked. After all, according to society, he was just an android. *Who knows what he could get up to.* Hannibal throught bitterly.

"You observe well." Jack murmured. Sutcliffe came in after a few minutes, looking over at the sleeping android's form.

"So, ready to wake him up?" He asked Hannibal. Hannibal nodded slightly and Sutcliffe pressed a button, sending a small shock through Will's system to jumpstart his brain. Hannibal watched as Will's eyes fluttered open. Without giving it a second thought, he ran down to where he was, standing in front of Will. Will smiled at him.

"Hi." Will said. Hannibal smiled.

"Hello. We need to run some tests." Will nodded and Hannibal smiled just a little wider. "You can nod and move your eyes. Two tests done. Now some basic memory. Your full name?"

"William Graham." Will recited.

"Occupation?"

"Teacher, slash special investigator."

"Marital status?" Will rolled his eyes at that one and Hannibal sighed. "It's required."

"Not married." He said.

"Relationship status?" Will gave him a look. "Come on Will."

"Taken, by one Hannibal Lecter." He said. Hannibal smiled. Will then went through all the motorary tests, passing easily. Will then looked a little shocked, laughing humorlessly. That caused Hannibal to smile.

"What is it?" He asked.

"I didn't think it would be this normal." He said. "I... I'm made of metal and wries, and yet I feel human." Hannibal smiled and pulled a tool out of his pocket. He took Will's arm and opened up a metal plate. Will looked in and blinked a few times. "It's true." He then looked at Hannibal. "Does this mean that I'll live as long as you?" Hannibal smiled.

"Longer. We'll need to get my energy source exchanged within a hundred years or so." He said. Will smiled.

"A hundred years is plenty of time on it's own." He said, kissing Hannibal lightly. Hannibal smiled in the kiss and kissed back, holding him by his waist.

"Come on." He whispered easily against his lips. "Let's go home."

Epilogue

Chapter Summary

> To wrap up a story that seems too short but you know, it's okay. Alana and Jack come over for dinner.

One week after Will's surgery, things were still looking good. Nothing much had happened, and now, Alana and Jack were finally coming to visit. Winston had soon adapted to androids, now that Will was one and was dating one. Occasionally he would growl at them, but with some light scolding, he usually stopped. Hannibal was busy preparing their lunch when Will walked up behind him and held him. Hannibal smiled at that.

"Ready for company?" He asked.

"Yeah. I mean, I love you, but I'd prefer to have other guests as well." He chuckled. Hannibal smiled.

"I'm ready for a little change in conversation as well to be honest." He chuckled. Will smiled at him and kissed his cheek. Hannibal smiled at him before turning back to their lunch. He checked the clock. "They're late." Will nodded in agreement.

"I don't know what's taking them so long. Isn't that long of drive." He said. Hannibal shrugged slightly.

"Let them take their time. It's more time I get with you." He smiled, turning around fully so he could kiss him. Will hummed in the kiss and smiled at him.

"I thought you were ready for new conversationalists." He joked. Hannibal smiled.

"I am, but that doesn't mean I want to give up our time just yet."

Alana was the first to arrive, no surprise there. Hannibal had the table set and ready for all of them to eat together, and refused to eat anything until everyone was present. So when Jack arrived twenty minutes later than Alana, who was already ten minutes late, no one was super pleased to see him.

"So..." Alana smiled. "How are things between you two?" Hannibal smiled at her and then at Will.

"Things have been great so far. Will has taken to his tranisition well. Except when he broke his wrist the other day." Hannibal said, causing Will to blush.

"You said you weren't going to bring it up." Will muttered, causing Hannibal to chuckle. Alana was laughing as well.

"Not even a week, and you broke something?" She asked, smiling. Will rolled his eyes and nodded.

"I wasn't thinking about it. I really don't feel neurological pain now that I don't have any nerves." He said. Hannibal chuckled and smiled at him, gesturing to everyone that they begin their meal. Jack took a bite and sighed. Hannibal looked over to him.

"You seem stressed Jack, why?" He asked.

"It's the Chesapeake Ripper." Jack muttered. Will and Hannibal's attention focused on him.

"What has he done this time?" Will asked, ready to scold Hannibal later if he'd killed someone after he'd promised he'd stop.

"He's disappeared into thin air. I can't find him anywhere, and he hasn't killed anyone in weeks. I can't create a profile on him if there's nothing new to profile." Jack said, eating his meal slowly. Will was relieved that Hannibal hadn't gone against their agreement.

"This seems like a good thing... to have a killer stop killing." He said. Jack nodded.

"It's even better if they pay their time for it."

"You'll catch him eventually." Alana promised him. Jack shrugged.

"Hopefully..." Hannibal sighed.

"Let's change the topic of murder." He raised his glass of wine, smiling now. "To Will's recovery." All around the table there were murmurs of 'To Will's recovery' as glasses clinked against each other. Hannibal took a sip and savored the flavor before bringing it down from his lips.

When Alana and Jack had left, which was around evening time, Hannibal and Will were sitting together in their living room by the fireplace. Summer was quickly fading into fall for Wolf Trap, and the cold often made Hannibal uneasy. So to counteract that, they liked to sit by the fire whenever they could. Hannibal took a sip of his wine as Will drank some of his whiskey.

"I'm glad you stopped killing." Will finally said, snuggling against him. Hannibal hummed.

"It wasn't difficult not to, I just didn't want to stop. Of course, upon you're request, I happily stopped." Will smiled up at him.

"I think you're just saying that. I don't mean that much to you." Hannibal chuckled.

"My dear Will, you are my everything. You are all that I will be." He kissed his cheek. "In fact, I want to make sure you're mine." Will blinked.

"What do you mean? Cause you can't mean what I think you're meaning." Will watched as Hannibal reached over and pulled out a small ring box.

"I think you'd be right." He said softly. Will stared at the box than at Hannibal.

"My God... but... are you sure?" Hannibal chuckled.

"I have never been more sure of anything." He said. "So, do I have to ask the conventional get down on one knee way or will just accept my offer?" Willl stared at him and then smiled smugly.

"Get down on one knee and do it right." Hannibal chuckled and got up, then getting on one knee.

"Will Graham," He said, using the dramatic effect of pausing like a lot of people do. "Will you marry me?" Will smiled and nodded.

"Of course I will." He then hugged him tightly and kissed him. Hannibal kissed back, holding him close to his body. When they broke apart, Will was grinning, a shine in his eyes. "I love you."

"I love you too."

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